GEN

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

https://archive.org/details/myrecollectionso00coxg

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01274 2968

GENEALOGY
929.2
C839cgw

My Recollections of My Parents and Grandparents

Gabriel W. Cox

1938

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

The narrative was dictated in 1938 by Gabriel W. Cox, who was born July 13, 1852, in Gallatin Missouri. In 1938 his niece, Frankie Cox (daughter of his brother Samuel), who was an unmarried stenographer at that time, took down this narrative in shorthand as Uncle Gabe dictated it to her. She transcribed it on a typewriter, and made one or more carbon copies for family members. The copy I have may be the original. I cannot tell. It is on onion skin airmail paper, signed. I have photocopied it for you, since I don't want to part with the original. Frankie Cox, the stenographer, was the sister of my grandmother DeEtta Cox Rafferty, so Uncle Gabe was my great-great-uncle. The document was passed from my grandmother to my father and then to me, when my father died.

One of the many interesting things in this narrative is the information about "Nigger George" and Diltz Ballinger, the Ballingers' slaves, who remained very important members of the family after they were freed. I know that African-Americans often have difficulty tracing their families and maybe there is someone, somewhere researching the black Ballingers, who would be thankful to have this part of their story.

Kathleen A. Rafferty

from a letter dated at Victoria B.C., 13 February 2001

My Recollections of my parents and grandparents:

Levi Porter Cox and Cynthia Faulkner were born in Kentucky and married and came to Missouri in 1838. They settled near where Lock Springs now is in Jackson Township, Daviess County, Missouri, and later moved toCalifornia.

Gabriel Ballinger and Josephine Jennings were married in Kentucky and came to Missouri in the latter part of 1820 and settled in Calloway County near Fulton, and later moved tothe Cold Springs Farm in Jackson Township, Daviess County, Missouri.

Samuel Porter Cox and Mary Ballinger were married at the Cold Springs Farm, Daviess County, Missouri on July 7, 1851, and moved to Gallatin, Missouri in 1852.

Levi P. Cox and Cynthia Faulkner Cox: To this union were born six children, three boys and three girls.

Boys:	Daniel	Girls:	Mary
	Samuel Porter		Lou
	Joseph		Josephine

Gabriel Ballinger and Josephine Jennings: To this union were born six children, three boys and three girls.

Boys:	William	Girls:	Mary
	John		Fannie
	Gabriel		Josephine

Samuel Porter Cox and Mary Ballinger: To this union were born six children, three boys and three girls.

Boys: Gabriel, born July 13, 1852
Samuel Porter, born March 15, 1854
Franklin Levi, born May 8, 1868

Girls: Mary Cynthia, born April 4, 1854
Josephine, born April 10, 1866
Bertha, born December 16, 1871

AIR MAIL

All were born in Gallatin, Missouri, except Mary; she was born at Venita, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, on April 4, 1854, in a covered wagon as we were on our way to California, and the doctor was an Indian Squaw.

Note how the family names carry along.

The above is made from recollection, and if anyone knows it better, please correct.

With Love to all and wishing all Health, Happiness and Prosperity, this my 86th Birthday, July 15, 1938. I am yours all the time,

Gabe, H. Cox

AIR MAIL

THE FOLLOWING WAS RELATED BY UNCLE GABE
ON SEPTEMBER 4, 1958 AND TAKEN DOWN IN
HIS OWN WORDS TO BE CHERISHED BY EVERY
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY WITH LOVE AND
APPRECIATION .

When Father was seventeen years old he enlisted as a Private Soldier at Fort Leavenworth in Captain Rogers' Company, Oregon Battalion, and later under command of General Donathon, and served on the plains, fighting Indians, and helped build the first adobe cabin at Julesburg, Colorado. Under General Donathon they were ordered to the Mexican Border. He returned to Missouri from Mexico in 1849.

After his marriage he moved to Gallatin in the early or late spring of 1852 where he and George Paage had a general store on the corner where now stands the First National Bank. He lived on the corner of the block east of that in a log cabin where I was born. In 1854 he left Gallatin for California where he lived for two years. He settled in Marysville. He returned to Missouri in 1855 by boat from Frisco, came around the Horn, by Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, back to St. Louis and up the River to St. Joe and then overland to Gallatin. He then accepted the position as Wagon Master with Russell, Majors and Waddell, taking provisions to Salt Lake and bringing back hides and furs. In 1860 he was Deputy Sheriff under Jim Minor until the Civil War broke out in 1861.

After the declaration of War he left Gallatin on account of southern sympathizers. He received a Commission from the Commanding Officer at St. Joseph and began to enlist men at Cameron and guarded the railroad and kept it from being destroyed. Mother and I would slip out and drive Old Bill down to see him, always at night.

AIR MAIL

He finally marched his Battalion into Gallatin, making his headquarters in the building where Captain Sheets was later killed. There he raised what was known as the Six Months Service Men and then later on he raised the First Missouri Cavalry and all during the War he was busy helping the Union Army. While he was still in service he was elected Circuit Clerk of Daviess County.

In 1864 the Bushwhackers, especially under Bill Anderson, were terrorizing Missouri, chiefly in Ray, Caldwell and Clay Counties. William T. Anderson was a noted Gorilla and Bushwhacker, and was usually in command of between one hundred and two hundred men.

General Craig ordered Colonel John A. Brown, who was in command of the State Militia, with headquarters at Gallatin, to take his men and run Anderson out of the country. Brown, who wasn't a military man although a good man, came to Gallatin and talked with Pa and wanted Pa to take command and said he would resign if Pa would take command. So General Craig, Brown and Pa got together but Pa didn't want to be appointed Colonel. Brown would have resigned readily but Pa suggested that he be appointed Lieutenant Colonel. I was with him when Pa and Brown talked right there in the Clerk's office. So General Craig gave Pa a Commission as Lieutenant Colonel. Pa immediately got the soldiers together as Anderson had gotten awfully bad down in Ray County, killing people, robbing them, etc.

They left Gallatin and Pa rode my horse, Jim, but he ordered me to go to the prairie as soon as I could and get Nance, Mother's favorite mare, Kentucky bred and a very fine mare, and come and overtake them and he would change with me, letting me have my horse. I went to the prairie the next morning and got Nance and brought her home and told Mother I wanted an early start in the morning as I was going to take Nance to Father. I was up and gone before day light and right below Polo I over-

AIR

took the command and as I went by everybody knew me, all the soldiers, and they would call out to me. I went up to the head of the command and called to Pa and we changed horses and I began to whimper and beg to go on and some of the soldiers begged for me but Pa wouldn't let me and ordered me to go on back to Mother, and that was the worst of it. Pa went on to Richmond and there he wrote a letter that night to Colonel Page, who was quartered at Liberty, Missouri and had some pretty good soldiers but wouldn't follow Anderson for some reason. Pa wrote a letter to him and told him he was quartered there and would start west the next morning and would probably meet Anderson on the way and for him to come east and help him out. Well, Anderson captured the mail before this letter reached Colonel Page and as Pa was coming along he met a woman on horseback. She asked him if he was in command and if he knew he was going right into trouble, and Pa said he was expecting trouble most any time. Anyway, she told him that Anderson was camped just across the river and had his letter written at Richmond the night before to Colonel Page at Liberty and was expecting to engage him as he came along. This woman had been right there in Anderson's camp and gained this information.

When they came down to the river there was a bridge across the Crooked River and Pa ordered the soldiers to dismount and every fourth man hold horses. He took the infantry across this bridge and as they got across the bridge he ordered one column to go on the left, one on the right, telling each man to take all the precautions he could and to get behind trees, stumps, etc., and he rode up and down the line. He ordered Captain Woodruff to take six men and go forward, telling him, "When you get up yonder on the ridge you will find Bill Anderson and his gang and he will charge you and you immediately turn and come right back through our lines and then turn and come forward to help us out." Well, Anderson charged them with Anderson in the lead

He had his bridle reins in his mouth, a revolver in each hand, shooting as he rode, and leading his men on. He had two fresh human scalps on the side of his mare's bridle and as he came down the line he was shot in the left temple with a bullet from a revolver. Of course, Pa shot him but you never could get him to say so. He would always say, "Well, there were so many shooting at the time."

Pa ordered a Bugler, Adolph Vogal, to get down off his horse and said, "Search that man, he is an officer". Vogal said, "He is not dead, he has revolvers in his hands". Pa jumped right off and took the revolvers out of his hands and said, "Now bring me the papers as soon as the fight is over". Vogal searched the body and handed the papers over to Pa. Anderson's men kept charging, trying to capture his body and fighting at the same time, but they would drive them back every time.

When they were ordered to cross the bridge and were hiding behind trees and stumps, old Jesse Creekmore and Woodie Lewis happened to be close together. Just before Anderson commenced shooting, somebody stepped on a big stick and it cracked and old Jesse Creekmore said, "Look out, Woodie, they are cocking their cannon". Woodie Lewis said, "Uncle Jesse, this is no time for jokes."

After the fight Pa took Anderson's body back to Richmond and buried him in the cemetery there at Richmond. He had a coffin made and gave him a decent burial.

Soon after this Pa got a message from St. Joe, telling him to come to St. Joe. So Pa and I went to Hamilton and got up to St. Joe that afternoon. There was quite an escort at the depot to meet us and took us up to the old Pacific Hotel and General Craig met Pa and said, "Colonel, I have some other business to attend to and will be back here after you have your supper." He didn't know what was up but after supper here was a bunch of soldiers with General Craig. Every place Pa went, I went, and they took us up the street to Tootle's Opera House. They took us up the back way and

AIR

up the back steps into the opera house on the platform. Of course, we were all seated and it was all decorated and we could hear lots of people but the curtain was down. Directly the curtain raised and General Craig took Pa by the arm and took him forward and introduced him as the man who captured and killed the notorious bushwhacker, Bill Anderson. He stepped back and got the sword and presented it to Pa for his valor. The inscription on the sword reads as follows:

> "Presented to Lieutenant-Colonel Porter S. Cox, the officer who whipped Thrailkill and killed Bill Anderson, the Bandit, by his friends in St. Joseph, Missouri, November 25, 1864."

This sword was given to me by Pa on his deathbed, and is one of my most cherished possessions.

When Father's old home burned, it was a very windy day, blowing from the west. Father and "Wid" were dining at our house that day and when the alarm was given, Pa and I immediately got into a buggy with one horse hitched to it and got over there. We could see it all enveloped in flames and Father said, as I got out of the buggy, "Babe, save my old sword if you can". I went to the parlor window. I knew where the sword was, sitting in the corner, and I broke in the window and crawled to the sword and got hold of it. The morocco belt and buckles were afire. I tore it loose and crawled out through the window with the sword; took it out to the buggy and gave it to Pa. The only thing we saved out of the fire. Pa lost all of his commissions, letters, land-warrants, relics, etc.

AIR

The following are a few recollections of incidents told to me and as I know them by my Father and Mother and Grandmother Ballinger and Old Nigger George:

In 1859, Father's third trip to Salt Lake as wagon master, he loaded at the Missouri River early in the spring as previously and started with provisions for Salt Lake. I believe he started in March and arrived at Salt Lake early in July and on arriving in Salt Lake, before he unloadedhis provisions, he received a letter from Dr. Hogan stating that Mother was seriously ill and wanted Pa to come home, so Pa immediately put his wagon train in his assistant wagon master's hands and told him he was going to start for home, riding a saddle mule and taking a pack mule for provisions and bedding, and he started on his way.

On arriving in the mountains west of Denver, he had picketed his mules out and made his camp fire, ate his supper, made his bed down and laid down for the night. He was awakened by a gang of young Indians surrounding him. He got up and talked to them (he could talk fairly good Indian) and asked who their Chief was. They told him and he told them to send up to the camp and bring him down there. Two of them went and brought the Chief down. The old Chief recognized Father immediately and ordered the young Indians to go on to camp and he stayed with Father. Father built up his fire and cooked him something to eat and they laid down and slept together through the night. The next morning, after breakfast, he started on his trip and came by the Indian camp and the old Chief called up all the Indians and ordered them to protect Pa no matter where they ever found him, because Pa had befriended him when he was hungry.

Pa came on his way and on arriving home, I think it was in August but am not sure, but it was quite warm weather. Pa owned and we lived at that time on the Southeast Quarter of the first block South of the Square. I was sitting under the locust tree in the yard when Pa rode up, but I didn't recognize him. I saw it was a

AIR MAIL

man riding a mule and leading a pack mule and at the same time Dr. Brosius was coming across and he shook hands with Pa as he dismounted and Pa came on to go into the house and patted me on the head and said, "Son, don't you know your Daddy?" But Pa had let his hair and whiskers all grow out and I said, "No, I don't." Ma was improving and soon was up and around again.

One of the things I remember from Grandmother Ballinger and Nigger George was their telling of the stars falling in Missouri in the last days of September, 1833 and that everybody got down on their knees and prayed because they thought the world was coming to an end.

Father's education was limited to three months altogether in school. After marrying, my mother taught him all the elements of a school room and for years he would come to mother for advice on trades and propositions of every kind, even when he went into the mercantile business.

My Grandmother Ballinger lived in our home for several years before she passed away and I can remember well her good advice and her lovely singing. She used to love to sing "In the Sweet Bye and Bye". She passed away in 1867, I think in December, and was buried in the Lile Cemetery in Gallatin.

George Ballinger, "Nigger George", as we used to call him, was a slave of my Grandfather, Gabriel Ballinger, in Kentucky. When Grandfather was getting ready to come to Missouri to live he gave George his freedom and when they were all packing, getting ready to move, George began to cry and Grandfather inquired of him what he was crying about. He said, "I want to go along with you" and Grandfather said, "George, you wouldn't want to go to Missouri. You wouldn't know anybody out there and it would all be new country". He said, "Yes, I want to go because I know all you all" so he came, and when they came to Davies County, Grandfather built a cabin across the main road for George and Dilts, his wife.

Then Grandfather and Uncle Will went to California and he died at Marysville, which was named for my Mother. After Grandfather died, Nigger George took charge of the farm for Grandmother and did everything. He taught me how to plow. We drove old Dick and Ben, a yoke of oxen. I could hardly reach the plow but Old George would tell me to get up on my toes and hold the handles.

The first thing I ever remember, I believe, was Uncle John Ballinger giving me a whipping. We were living in Grass Valley, California, and Ma had an old hen and some chickens and of course I had come across the plains and heard the men cussing the oxen, whipping them and such as that, and so I was out in the yard whipping that old hen and chickens, telling them "Gee, Haw" and such as that, and Uncle John came around the house and heard me cussing good and plenty and he grabbed that whip out of my hand. "Why", he said, "Young man, I will learn you how to be swearing around here"; and I went bawling around the house and Ma said, "What you crying about", and I said, "Uncle John gave me a whipping out there", and she said, "What for?", and I said, "For cussing", and she said, "Well, he ought to give you more of it."

I have a faint recollection on our way out we were surrounded by the Indians one time. Pa put all the wagons in a circle and dug a pit down in the sand and put Ma and me down in it, expecting to have trouble, but the Indians they circled out, kept getting closer and closer, and of course Pa was head man of everything those days and knew all about everything nearly, and so he went out to the edge nearest to the Indians and waved to them and they sent two fellows in to meet him and he inquired who the chief was and they told him (I can't remember his name now) and they got Father's name (he had freighted across the plains in the fifties) and they went back and reported to the Chief who Father

AIR MAIL

was and the Chief disbanded and they all went away. Pa was always very friendly with the Indians. He had made friends with them when he was a soldier and often divided his provisions with them.

Another thing I remember was the last Sunday Grandfather Ballinger was home before he and Uncle Will left for California he preached a sermon at Old Cold Springs and there was a big crowd, considering the settlement. He wasn't a preacher but he was a great Bible reader.

I remember my mother's sisters, Fanny Phelps and Josephine Boyle. I remember how good and kind they always were to me.

My Mother never missed a day reading the Bible. Father and Mother always belonged to the Christian Church. Mother liked the Methodist Church but preferred the Christian Church because she believed in Baptism by immersion. She was always quoting the Bible.

This is the third day of October, 1938 and I was eighty-six years old on July 15th and today I walked twenty blocks and I feel fine; if I had my eyesight and hearing. I often say to Jimmie, "What do you suppose the Good Lord is keeping me around here for?" and he will say, "Because we all love you."

Another thing I remember was on our way back from San Francisco, going around the Horn, our old boat struck a leak; the men folks all had to get off and help lessen the weight and pump water and bucket water out. I had an awful time trying to get away from Mother to get out in the boats with the men and I just bawled and bawled. In those days they put everything on the table to eat and you would just reach over and help yourself. We got to Pittsburgh finally and Pa and Ma were sitting to my right and Jim Nealand, who was on his way back with us to go toPuttonsburg, was sitting to my left. He put his old satchel over in

AIR

the next chair while he ate and when the collector came around, Pa paid for us and when he came to Jim Nealand, Jim handed him the fare for one andhe said, "No, Mister, there are two. You are occupying two chairs." "Your grips are in the other one." Jim says, "All right", and hejust opened up the old grip and began to fill it with food and then paid for it.

Father was born December 16, 1827 and died on the 15th day of August, 1915.

Mother was born on the 22nd day of January, 1830 and died on the last day of March, 1880, and was buried on April 2nd following.

I have a few things I want to say about the three Ballinger boys, Gabriel, Franklin and Jennings, whose father died when they were very small and left their mother very poor and the boys had to work as much as they could and then get their education at night by the light of the old fire place.

Franklin Ballinger, the second son, moved five miles above Keokuk, Iowa and settled where the rapids are on the Mississippi River and when the railroad was built through there afterwards, the station was called "Ballinger" for him. He married, if I recall correctly, an Adams from Tennessee. They had four boys and the eldest boy was Franklin; the second boy was Webster; the third was Madison, and the fourth boy was Adams. The girls were Jennie, who married Rowell; and the second girl, Lucy, married Dr. Long.

Adams Ballinger's wife lives in Washington, D.C. now. Her maiden name was McCormick.

Jennings Ballinger settled finally right south of James port, Missouri. When he was living near Nearveugh, the Mormons were going West to settle at Salt

Lake and amongst them was the great preacher, Smith of the Mormon Church. One Sunday he announced in his meeting that he would preach there just before the sun set that evening and would walk on top of the water of the Mississippi River. So Jennings Ballinger and his chum hid themselves and stayed to see what would happen. The Mormons fixed a plank to walk on with props or stilts underneath to hold it and just so you couldn't see it under the water. Jennings Ballinger and his chum fixed a long wire out at the end of the last prop and attached it to the board and as he walked out and got out to the end, they pulled the wire and gave him a ducking in the Mississippi River.

To My Dear Niece
Dorothea "Box" Rafferty,
and all of her Family.

I am Your Uncle
Earl W. Box

Oct. 8th 1938

HECKMAN
BINDERY, INC.
Bound-To-Please®
APRIL 01
N. MANCHESTER, INDIANA 46962